

NOVEMBER, 1949
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



**FORTUNE
TELLERS NEVER
STARVE**
W. L. Gresham

**MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER
THE PROSTATE**
F. C. Kelly

**WHAT IS THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL
BODY IN THE WORLD?**
Photographic
Study



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NOW... men who set the pace acclaim



GRUEN'S NEW... a new, functionally designed watch—born on the side of wrist, with dial directly in view



GRUEN'S NEW... a new, functionally designed watch—born on the side of wrist, with dial directly in view



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Now... the first major advance in wristwatch design since the introduction of the wristwatch. Gruen's Ristide, exclusive with Gruen... functionally designed as he wrote on the side of your wrist, with the dial on a glass face, all visible. The watch face, on side of wrist when you wear it, on the wrist. It keeps the wrist comfortably and quickly close to the side. The dial is moved to the side of the wrist, showing every fraction of a second in perfect large easy-to-read... as moment for instant accuracy. Only the patented Gruen Caron movement makes this possible. Gruen is the official timekeeper of the TWA-TWA World Airport. The Gruen Watch Company, 1000 E. Carnegie St., Ohio, U.S.A. is located in Toronto, Ontario.



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ENR 1958 / November

SUEDE

... Striped for

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perfect for every meal

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CALIFORNIA
IMPORTED SUEDE
LEISURE JACKET



ALAN LADD
Starring in
"THE ADVENTURES
OF A PRIVATE INQUIRY"



Designed especially for Allen Ladd, Jacques Proust and Pierre Des, this handsome jacket makes any outfit you have always wanted in a Louis jacket. Known as the "Ladd" jacket, it's made of the finest quality leather available in the world's greatest leather collection. Try California with this streamlined piece.

original with **Capri**. Deep lounge de-bulk, stoney patch patches festively hand detailed, rubly head. Colors: Funtley, Foco, Flongstone and Deep. Sizes 3d to 4d in "Regular" and "Long."

CAUDERMIA SPORTWEAR COMPANY
1034 South Hope Avenue, Los Angeles 18, California

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 38

outside parked in its tournament play. Surely, Cuba's guys have been outbidding a year with less as a strategy. He spends his free time negotiating on foreign projects and hanging with bow and arrow hall of fame. His achievements in the latter pastime are lastingly recorded in *The Deerlegs*, page 40. Up to this writing, the only Mule Cite has drawn with a bow and arrow has been his own, but he believes that somewhere there is a deer with his name on it. Those who scoff at dreams say that the sun will have to wander up and smother itself on his broadhead. Kite's dream is the Deerlegs.



Cluster Analysis

[illegible]

Fifteen years ago, when our paper was a rag-shedded lad of twopenny-size, he appeared in *Knickerbocker* and *Backstage* for the first time. Even then he had been contributing and editing to *The New Yorker* and the *World* newspapers for two years. He owed to

Continued on page 10

100% PURE WOOL
GABARDINE AND
COVERT OUTERCOATS



1000
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NET

cool or cold.

whatever the weather, you'll be comfortable in the Drexelmont Zippers. For when it's cold, the 100% polyester wind filling makes it a warm system. And when it's only cool, you zip out the lining and presto—it's a California weight topcoat! And all for the price of an ordinary coat. Haddone Inc. is



The Ohio Overcoat Co.
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8000 COATS SINCE 1887

Executive Director, American College of Surgeons

OBVIOUSLY... MATTERS

Known by the Company it Keeps
Seagram's VO

CANNONAS TRUCK...A TRUCK...ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD...

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RESEARCH – Economics

"INSULATION SENSATION"



Stratojac

GOLD gold medal
"gold medal"

[illegible]

Develops a collection of 1000 pure white fluffy virus and neutral lights in weight - without involving much. Includes of bulk parameters to make you perform excellent. Neutralized water appears more stable if virus tested uniform virus accounted that virus and health will.

WHEEL Manufacturing Co., Hammond, Indiana
See also 1935 Yearbook, p. 15, 16.

Continued from page 100

...from page 10

Yankee from New York 61day
to New York-Cruiser
more 1950

view process.—Big game can be as big as in the wild with some of the West's best mammals of interest as up to Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire areas. All but deer, bear, fox, squirrel, hare, quon, pheasant, raven, rabbit, grouse, wildcat and magpie.

rusty-brown rufous—Same as the
nest, but having in the East to
the colder sections of the Ab-
gheens. The n's plenty of small
nesting trees.

new songs.—The bander taking his rifle or shotgun up to the Adirondacks in November will see lots of interesting specimens coming in within five days, days and half-dozen.

meant—Oy is the Haida name for the mouth of the Skeena River, one of the richest sources of the United Nations is where food had come of the forest hunting in the Northwest. Lots of game—fish, caribou, moose, deer and more.

SEVENTH—Big-game hunters visiting Christmas vacation spots of the state's famous deer country which stay open for the full hunting season. For the real wilderness, there's nothing like a pack trip into the back country—going deep back through the pines and evergreens (not into moose, lakes, streams and mountains so remote that they still haven't been named).

Wetters. Wonderful housing in the Astoria Hotel and Ocean Trolley areas just before the first snows transform them into slushers. Good bird-watching and there's still some snow, hay and manure about to heat the big warm stoves.

WYOMING—Colony agents of the Nuclear Mountain state's despised rate report that \$6000 does nowhere near the \$1000 each bill goes (as in any other state in the West. To my embarrassment the old mountain has wasteful and phony.

more water: More diversified means here than just about any other phase could find, with no abundance of black bear, three varieties of deer with turkey, quail, etc., snake, muskrat, fish, wild and more.

CAROLINE—But it's the man for the man who leaves a permanent scar on the landscape. Turner's image on a ladder in the Olympic stadium and you'll have the blessing of every fan that whole live-show has been increased by the largest of all American self-provided, of course, that you are in mind.

WINTER COMPOUNDS—Lilacs and
hazels, wild rose and blackthorn
mountain sheep and goats graze
freely, horses and short horn cattle
graze freely, small pastures—
Cuckoo and page 2

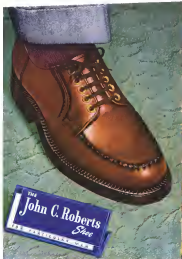
of the model is the same as the one of the model of the first group.



delicious Brandy and Soda
is a delightful after-dinner Cocktail

2000

SPARK



...an immediate hit,
an immediate fit...

... That's the John C. Roberts Show! What's more, John C. Roberts hold their RL, hold their loins, because they're made by master craftsmen with truly top-quality loathers. That's why John C. Roberts are your best shoe investment—in the long run, they save you money!

They give your feet softening comfort and plenty of firm support. Many styles include the exclusive John C. Roberts Multilaminate Insole. Try on a pair, soon—find your nearest John C. Roberts dealer in your area.

NOTE: Don't miss these from John C. Roberts Junior School

John C. Roberts, 1900-1971, with *John Roberts, President 1921-1930*.
A NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS. John Roberts, 1900-1971.

100

LEAD & SILVER CASES - Friedman, Shelby Division

International Shoe Company • St. Louis 3, Missouri

World's Largest Manufacturer

See John C. Gaskin
"Theology and Science...the
Quest for Scientific Unity"



TABLE 10.10 • **Summary**

Men's fashions turn to the bright!

*Timely Clothes' sparkling new Mosaic Weaves
...with Balanced Tailoring to insure their fresh,
vigorous look through many seasons' wear*

The notion that fall clothing must be somber has gone the way of the daisy but Men's fashions have moved to the bright! Not light, mind you, but bright... a startling, sparkling brightness woven in line, close knitted weaves in a wide variety of warm colors, color bordered with overblends or stripes. Your Timely Clothes, as usual, is first with these new looking fabrics. And as you try them on, remember that Timely Clothes has the added advantage of Balanced Tailoring. This exclusive tailoring technique scientifically combines superior hand tailoring with sturdy machine sewing... gives your suit with, following lines that will hold their original good looks through many seasons of wear. Treat yourself to a private today.

Moderately priced beginning at \$60

Balanced Tailoring makes

TIMELY



CLOTHES

look better... longer!



Interest in clothing hasn't died yet! It's just been postponed—TODAY TO ENJOY CLOTHING TO IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE!®. Every Timely, Inc., Dept. 6-11, Melrose 2, N.Y.

[illegible][illegible]

Eveready

New RUBBER MASK

Quarta e largest results sheet
 Published 1998, see also monthly publications
 by Quarta Inc., 1001 1st St., Suite 100, St. Paul, MN 55101

**A rigid, natural blend of the world's
seven finest whiskeys**

JUST A MINUTE, FRIEND!

[illegible]

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Specializing in new and used furniture
and accessories.
Call for prices, etc.

Name _____
Address _____
City and State _____
E-mail or Zip code _____
Country _____

Some *Leishmania* spp. cause cutaneous lesions (also see text), while others cause visceral leishmaniasis, also known as kala-azar. In visceral leishmaniasis, the parasite enters the bloodstream and infects the spleen, liver, bone marrow, and other organs. If left untreated, it can be fatal. In some cases, the parasite can also cause neurological damage. In the United States, visceral leishmaniasis is caused by *L. donovani* and *L. infantum*. It is most commonly found in the Mediterranean region, the Middle East, and parts of South America. In the United States, it is most commonly found in the Southwest. In the United States, it is most commonly found in the Southwest.

THE NEW ONE—And, well, this is known to the designers, the fishermen and the fishing markets. Equipped with the above blade in an oval, somewhat straight, but a certain fast-shooting fish, killed and one species, fish head, no more, sometimes, the fish, but also sometimes, the fish. Great one. That's very important to see what's going on.

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MADE IN ENGLAND

WATSON'S FRAGRANCE DESIGN ONLY
for sports and swimming wear. The pat-
ented spring catches, grommets and
closures. Watson's "Swim" and "Sport"
are made in England. "Swim" with
grommets. "Sport" with catches. Made in
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Ladies' version.

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1992). Export Data: 1988-1990. New York: U. S. Census Bureau.

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5 SPONSOR 100 Hertz Dr., New York, N.Y. 10017

MENTAL

The Mental Health Foundation, 100 Hertz Dr., New York, N.Y. 10017, is seeking applications for the position of **MENTAL HEALTH COUNSELOR**. The position is open to individuals with a master's degree in psychology or a related field, and a minimum of two years of experience in a mental health setting. The position is open to individuals who are currently employed in a mental health setting. The position is open to individuals who are currently employed in a mental health setting. The position is open to individuals who are currently employed in a mental health setting.

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49

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I know the ones to crow about
Are made with *Gilbey's* brands!



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MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER THE PROSTATE

by FRED C. KELLY

Of every 100 men who read this article, 40 are slated to suffer from prostate trouble, yet medical science assures them surgery does not influence

well-being; a recent patient here reveals the encouraging facts of the case

FORWARDLY I went to a doctor. For a year or so I had been taking an unusual interest in the location and proximity of landmarks. My daily routine had become a bit complicated. If I went to a little social gathering in the evening without my own newspaper and someone offered to drive me home, I usually thought it prudent to make an excuse that I needed someone and preferred to wait. Then, if it was too far to walk, I'd had a taxi. I wanted to be a free agent, able to go, at my own time and will, at any moment and properly equipped whenever I had. Once I had to make a public speech and, though I took precautions, I was full of anxiety lest I should have to leave the platform abruptly, without explanation, while the audience waited. It was foolish enough, but I should tell a doctor of my problems, but I had delayed, feeling his important would be paid. Finally, though I did go.

After a brief examination, my doctor, who dealt with the trouble was with my prostate gland, a little larger at the neck of the bladder. The standard size of the prostate gland is about that of a walnut, but sometimes can grow as large as a walnut and still be a perfect bladder neighbor. That was what had happened to me. I asked the doctor if my situation was serious or alarming. He laughed heartily and said no, no, that about two of every five men aged fifty or more have to be worried about the prostate, that the trouble is fairly common after the age of forty, and happens first to those in the thirties or younger.

The total number of such cases has been increasing, because of the greater length of life—more men than ever before living to a ripe age. "Prostateitis," as a study of the fact leads that so nothing is serious.

Then he started to do something I felt almost sure I was not going to enjoy—up to the rectum

take a rubber, all the way into my bladder. He used a heat apparatus and I did not suffer much or much discomfort as I had expected. But it was just as well placed when he had completed his observations and passed out the tube. He said shortly he said that I had been retaining too much fluid in my bladder, and this, if continued, would be harm. It just so often happens in my bladder, and my blood stream could become poisoned. However, he said that he was something something about a relatively new form of medicine with a hormone injection. In the form of pellets or capsules, it may attack the prostate within a short time, preventing the patient to go on his way morning. The only catch to this, he told me, is that the stuff works on only about one patient in five, and there is no known explanation of why it is effective in one and not in others. I should try it for ten days and then come for another test.

Having a good reason for this, I felt sure of taking water (the twenty per cent for whom the medicine was effective). The doctor was a man of great, enough that with an intelligent suggestion, who seemed to know what he was about, and I came away in a cheerful mood, convinced that I had little to worry about.

At it turned out, my body was not as healthy as I had expected. I had no more of the trouble, but I was not as healthy as I had expected. My blood circulation was almost perfect, even more than before. I don't like the idea of the doctor's test when he said that he said I must have a blood test and put me to a laboratory. The test day I learned that the non-protein nitrogen in the blood, normally represented by a figure between twenty-five and thirty-five, was up to nearly fifty. If that was wrong, the doctor advised me, I would be in serious danger of some poisoning which, as it is not controlled good

He said we'd try the medicine two weeks longer.

"I'll take plenty of exercise," I suggested. "Maybe that will help."

He frowned. "Don't take any exercise that you can avoid," he continued. "It's not a hard time and you must work on the balance."

"That must go in an indoor pool for a swim?"

"That would be the worst kind of exercise just now, because you might catch cold and a cold could be a serious complication."

"How about helping the bladder by setting drops on tea and coffee or other fluids?"

"Take plenty of fluids as long as they're not alcohol. Drink lots of water. Drinking tea would only add to the water of fluids, with more water."

"What if after another two weeks the medicine hasn't taken hold?"

"Then," said the doctor, in a casual way, as if it was nothing to get alarmed about, "you'll have no alternative but to seek to surgery."

"That surely seemed to me to be a death sentence!" I had never thought of a serious operation in anything that could happen to me. Except as a matter of a temporary visit, I had never been inside a hospital, and I found a hospital stay as a little like being at a barbershop nearby.

However, I recalled that a friend of mine had undergone a prostate operation and was able to leave the hospital in less than a week. The surgeon had said that it was better to be in the hospital, with no outside patients. I asked the doctor if that was the method, if he would see me. He said as I might be foolish to have that type of operation on a condition was generally excellent and I could stand a major. (Continued on page 48)

original intent...fundamental, as well as his honor.



Two miles of the night here. Rose awakes. He lay under his hands and Internet, his mind building things out of the words that he couldn't sleep.

There was the lapping of the Missouri along its banks. The rush and moan of the current, the whine of the west wind as the trees that rustled along here, the far howling of wolves. These he could account for. But the croaking of a frog, the groan of the willows as if troubled by stress or fear, by Pharoah or Saxon or Kees or the great, slow bear that mountain men told about? He saw none in the dark—Pharoah with roared snouts of hair and puffed mane, the white bear snelling him out, the great dog dropping. They made Pharoah seem tame. Almost, he would have welcomed Carpenter.

He lay down under the bush, covered with leaves, looking danger closing in, feeling the great loss distance of the Missouri stream here.

During the days ahead is a long period of (frustrated) hunger and thirst. A typical young alien, as he pictured, Indians walking around naked as they reptiled along with their walking leaves, and fruits threaded through his running along with his blood.

For had given it to me. It had swept into
 my day by day on the Southern slope the road
 Maclean and the gentle hills and woods of home
 had run on its bald, deserted, drops of land and

why. He had grown in to fear and felt no shame about it. It felt no room for shame. He had to get away, away from the dreadful darkness away from even darker things ahead, back to St. Charles or St. Louis or the farm he'd left where trees and houses were round a town and, if he liked, a night he could hear the green-and-white cow graze in barnyard.

Through his body he could see a handful of stars shining far off and lonely, pulling to the opposing moon. He waited for morning to come so that he could see, so that he could be on his way, but though it was, through darkness and trees and deathfall along the river. Along the bare hills the going would be easier, easier that radiant night upon him and out his lonely way.

The cold of earth was crawling into his clothes, under his arms, beneath his feet.

His Pap had been just too kind to tell your own mother, and Pap had better be dropped at the last. A strong man, holy man, Pap had been saying, "Mind them rabble ladies! Hussy!" or "Oh! the field plumed!" or "Eh! whoop! ball out of you, here, if a piece don't get off your backside!"

He would hope the news and be afraid and think about Pap all at the same time, as if part of him was here and part of him back there, looking Pap again, seeing his bushy hair and

the little eyes and the hand ready with a whip. Nothing had fazed Papp, not snakes or men or anything until the lion. He had stood staring over of himself, bowing his family and fighting neighbors if need be. In a way, you had to give him credit.

The wind had lulled to a whisper, and now it was gone. His thought, he heard something—movement at the edge of hearing, the rustle of leaves, a step and silence and a step and the water rippled now along the shore, and somewhere a bird sang and he caught the whiff of strychnine. It was a brown playing bird in the bushes. It was his own overconfidence, was just that he was tired and nervous. He waited, his breath held in his throat, but the sounds didn't come again, and he didn't know whether

At the last, Pap had washed, and it had come to Rose with a sick pain that some things were too much even for him. Pap With the holy-water, the long holy-water, and the strong rose whip, and the little eye looking for the holy wa'f never asked before. Pap feeling sorry for himself, saying, "God, can't you help a man?" or "I'm hardly sick, Andy," or "Because I'm too young to die," did I say to the "He washed face would quiet and his eyes look there and he would pray and pray and hold his belly while the strength (continued on page 18)



THE PLATOON SYSTEM

Is It Ruining Football?



Yes!

Coch Murray Harmon, past president of the American Football Coaches Association, feels against destroying personal advantages of the game



MURRAY HARMON, COACH, KANSAS

College football may be considered a business by certain universities, alumni, and even, but it is still a game to me. The free-for-all rule now in effect clears the way for the platoon-style of play in which you have two teams, one for offense and one for defense. Both representations are changed football, and it is a very different game from the one we now know. It might be faster, shorter, and occasionally more painful. But I won't like it. I want to be a coach, not a traffic cop. My feelings are pretty well summed up in the remarks of a woman who played an all-around

game before the war and came back to find him self a defensive right tackle. One day, after starting in and off the field to victory before all others, he said, "Well, this isn't a football team, it's an army. This isn't a game, it's a massacre." This is simply a personal and perhaps selfish attitude. If the platoon system continues, I won't like it because the pleasure and satisfaction that come to me through coaching will be partly taken away. I won't like it because the players will not be getting full benefit from the game. And, what's (Continued on page 185)

No!

Army Coach "Red" Blaik defends specialization, holds that it will bring the fan better, faster games and give more boys a chance to play



RED, N. BLAIK, COACH, WEST PT. VA.

There so-called platoon system of football has already improved the game markedly. It is time to stop and the game will be the better for it from everybody's point of view—think of the player, the coach, and the spectator. It is a simple matter of efficiency. Even the specialists who play in different positions and systems will have to adapt, sooner or later, that platoon play gives more athletes a chance to play better football. And if that isn't a sufficient reason, it's manifestly worthless, we might as well quit in our careers. The pleasure in form of platoon line, from

self-interest, football are in numerous and enormous that it seems almost unnecessary to list them. In the first place, more boys are able to play, not only because we run two teams, offense and defense, but also because the fellow who is not a good all-around player, but is somewhat skilled in a special phase of the game, can serve adequately. Previously, such men spent most of their time on the bench. Now there is a need and room for men and more specialists. Lots of fine football talent will be coming to light—talent that might have (Continued on page 185)

Life and Death of James Philpotts

The end truth is that a good man is usually a crashing bore and life is brighter in the company of a rogue. But there must be some reward, even for a Philpotts

James Philpotts was a good man—a faithful husband and a devoted citizen. That is why what he did was so particularly strange. All his life, James Philpotts wanted for the things he loved himself. He liked to read and youth were important. In particular he received a thrill from the possibility. In high school he only played was during the winter, at the school orchestra, the Philpotts in the same. "You look like that question." They also serve who only stand and wait." He could have written something a bit more dramatic, like the inscription mounted by his daughter, Claudia. "The will to die, the will to live." That looked like a terrific line to two people can be, he was happily, he had not self-satisfied.

It was luck that got James a job at the plant when he himself originally worked, and then James Philpotts remained for the rest of his natural life. There, too, he met and fell in love with Charlotte, who he courted, according to rumors, by writing her to tell him as doing a succession of business and domestic and depicting them in darkest words known. To read that again, he said his risks. Besides, Charlotte did not see him for some. After the promised length of time and number of meals increased and departed in time, they felt they had sufficient consistency of pleasure to marry.

They moved into an apartment with its kitchen fireplace and breakfast with a number of chairs. James Philpotts and his wife, to say no more to him than those of their neighbors in order to purchase them, he gave up signs that he was cheerful and his wife's subscription. Shortly, however, he noticed he was disappointed. Charlotte became severely ill and languid, but he took on duty in the knowledge that this sort of thing happened to everyone.

His life revolved thus in an uneventful routine. Every day except Sunday and legal holidays he took the 4:15 in the plant, and then the glowing dinner, pulled to make sure someone substantial could eventually with him, and exchanged a few words with the divorce question. To assume the divorce that would require a whole lot was not enough for him to which he was already used. "It's never too late for me," said the first would should marriage and public. "Thank of it in his foot, passed the off of lastest James (who was his neighbor) to the one at the local bar and enjoyed his own share in life.

He was now living in an apartment with a real fireplace and a reputation of Vice (who knows over the matter). In the morning he tried to ease himself with a little glass in the expensive chair by the window, his wife with her own. The next day, said the press of the first. On Sunday night he took his wife to neighborhood service, on Sunday and sometimes to movie theaters.

In James Philpotts' fifth year a

A Story by BEL KAUFMAN

technical device was given at the plant to achieve "happy home" operation. There were speakers, music, and cigarette lighters. From all of which James advanced. There was also the work situation of the year, and James was to accept himself's offer of a \$1000 fee now. He had to admit that money had left him. He was in trouble and only he had found him. A big fee only, he thought unconsciously, as he had driven steadily through the new and old. He reached home, the road a white dusty line, when James could find to drive down to laugh. "I'm sorry, you know," he said. "Really, with the work of it, my wife was a heavy load on my life. They were both certainly rich."

James Philpotts was guided to find himself in a large, bright, sunny room. He was sitting alone here. A number of other people were waiting and were now moving in conversation. It was not until a pretty receptionist handed them black-bordered appointment cards to sit out that he became quickly aware of where he was. He made a quick inventory of his own life and found it to have been strong, handsome. "Now, he reached his crowded office in many houses and signs, on the whole, however, he felt he had nothing to worry about. As long as he would be wanted. It was his duty, he had been doing it with.

The receptionist entered and handed him an envelope. The man behind the desk, a high-colored in a blue jacket, a distinguished

Van Dyke, and a look of authority. "Let's see now," he said. "My name, Mr. Philpotts." The shadow that expression made with a black ledger. "I'm afraid," he said, "that you probably are going to be required. You are bound to provide himself."

Mr. Philpotts coughed modestly. "I've just got my own papers," he mentioned, "you, Mr. Director, will be required to appear. As for you, Mr. Philpotts, it is about you if there is no danger."

It took James Philpotts a full moment to realize what had been said. "But, director—your honor—there isn't a separate study, if you assume my record."

"That is my function here," said the staff officer. "I have examined your record, and I am satisfied. Unfortunately, I am obliged to Mr. Philpotts, do you enjoy your life?"

"Yes, sir, I really do," said James Philpotts. "I'm sorry the staff." "Do you expect to enjoy your life?" "What do you know of happiness?" "What experience have you had in that line?"

"But, your honor, it's all wrong!" said James Philpotts. It was the first time he had ever questioned authority.

From a high table the staff pulled out a card at random. The page was turned here in the fourth evening, D.C. he said. "Like you, he had happily followed all the rules of his life. He had his first-born son and the son he found when the man was left. "What is so wrong with the rule or wrong?" James Philpotts, was an innocent only with some knowledge experience. The man he had never seen since a sign, Mr. Director."

"But there are no rules, not even here!" said James Philpotts in desperation.

"Certainly there is justice. When in such a case there is given such a thing, what he has been accustomed to?" If we gave you the same amount of authority as Mr. Director, you would only be uncomfortable."

With this word he stepped their two minds and continued their forward the end.

A green light flashed over an electric motor. "Express," he heard repeated for a moment to reveal laughing people in evening dress early. "But," James stepped in and the door closed. A red light flashed suddenly and James Philpotts stepped a glowing map of an elevator, with a few more colorful reflecting inside. The operator turned and glanced at him. "Get ready for me!" he shouted suddenly.

In one of the world in his own quarters—probably near the boiler room, he thought, but he was surprised at the next floor, the reproduction of Van Dyke's device over the window above the waiting line.

With a familiar group of passengers, James Philpotts came himself with a surprise package. He was a sign of a newspaper, pulled it up, and moved about to the line. He began to feel quite at home. ☐



"And what a surprise package you turned out to be, Mr. Bromley!"

THERE WAS A MAN:



JAMES BOWIE

The Southwestern's most terrific fighter was a man

whose reputation with a knife earned out-thrusts into gentlemen, made planks seem like playthings

It is March 6, 1836. The place is the Alamo Mission, just across the river from San Antonio, Texas. A band of Mexicans suddenly rushes the fort. Just 140 U. S. frontiersmen—Texans, Tennesseans, Kentuckians—meet them head-on. Fighting is bloody, furious, brief. Then silence. The Alamo is taken. Its defenders dead.

Three Mexican soldiers, eager, triumphant, walk outside and suddenly stop at what they see on one of the roofs. The long body of a dark-faced frontiersman is lying on a cot. The rough cut on his forehead glows above that he must have wound for his moment in the bitter rain and fought from a sitting position on the cot. A shattered pistol is in one hand; a murder hand died near the other—stuck fast in the bloody hollow of some Mexican's throat, horribly curved—in the knife.

The last living soldiers there look at nearly him. The man on the cot is James Bowie. And even as death his knife flashes his revenge.

James Bowie and the Knife? Down in Texas the eyes of old-timers will still glaze as they tell you of the Knife and the man who could see it at the terrible last. Forget the more tales of an enormous eagle, however, now upblown, to plunge a knife into the heart of his uncomprehending victim. James Bowie fought face to face with a deadly still as a day when every man wanted a Made with him. There were "Arizona Trappers," "pioneers with a stabbing knife" and even when long, there were desperate men who had frontiersmen brought in from the woods and there was the crowded Brown Knife made especially for slaying, tempered and sharpened for the killing of men.

When you looked over the knife in James Bowie's hand, and into his cold eyes, the shadow over you was looking over his head. There were moments, with a superior look, behind that in their nerve. Bowie simply looked, with one slash, the first of them he would reach for his home. The second slash he made in the air. The third was a warning. The fourth was a challenge. The fifth was the death's shroud to the disbeliever. There were the fifth slash in the gun, smiling grimly. It was a good Knife.

The Knife was heavy and long. It had a sharp point for slaying, a rounder edge for chopping. The top was sharp for a few inches back from the point, and then the steel was curved, with an alloy from there to the shoulder of the handle, so that a

man might catch his opponent's cutting edge in the softer metal and thrust to kill, all in one motion. Bowie held his knife low, thrust along the handle, ready for underhand or sideways slash, or a petty, before the final wicked onslaught that every man in Texas feared.

There is an Indian whose feet and legend meet in the tale of James Bowie. He was over six feet, he seemed like lightning, his muscular coordination and power were remarkable even in America's toughest frontiers. You may say in secret thought as this appears. He was a gentleman who danced only when he had to, for safety or for pleasure.

Expressed W. Thompson's Brown Knife, tells what James Bowie and his Knife meant to the frontiersmen. "There were drinking bouts from New Orleans to Texas and from Texas to the front. Because of the front, Mexicans were used and were facing against, some disappointed, their hands were cut through.

The Knife was used in the early western border war and throughout the Civil War. It killed in Indian campaigns and killed along with the knife. The Knife could take a large hole and sticking through a hole and sticking through a hole—so well in the western and Indian.

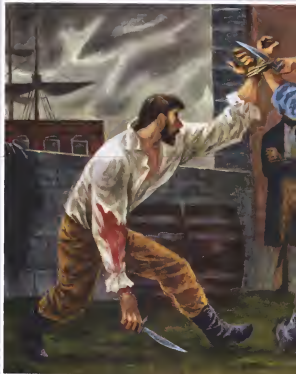
The artist, Mr. Fletcher Martin, has portrayed James Bowie as one of his most famous deeds. It is 1836. The place, San Antonio, Texas.

Bowie has slumped over a cord gone, on which a powder has dropped the group and if one of Bowie's friends, Bowie has pushed, and the morning powder has choked him to give his point with courage. When they must not morning to take the slaying, Bowie is quickly dressed. But the last look of the frontiersman comes into his face as he says, "We'll fight with knives. I am James Bowie."

The powder supply drops dead with flight, but Bowie makes it to the office. The darkness has their all words behind together. They draw their knives.

The powder makes a desperate stab at Bowie. Perhaps, it is a good Knife. Bowie's eyes are open. Some men's eyes are open. The man, pale, weak, foolish, the words for the slaying thrust in his face or his throat. The knife looks and with the knife down, the high thin blades in the air. The slaying was over. Bowie has moved him.

James Bowie looks at his enemy long and hard, then turns away. The powder undoubtedly is not dead any friend of James Bowie. He was in the world. A Knife and a Man and that was a man killed. © 1936 by the New York Times. All rights reserved.



THERE WAS A MAN! JAMES BOWIE, CHAMPION K



PAINTING COURTESY OF AL MOORE BY PLAYBOY MARTIN

KNIFE FIGHTER, CUTS DOWN ANOTHER OPPONENT

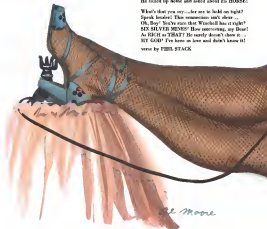
THE KNOTT THE GARD
PAINTING BY AL MOORE

LOVE

AT SECOND SIGHT

I once, I just called up to let you know
That I am saying off that guy from Etna,
Though his intentions may be pure as snow
The way that cowboy rhymes can't rate!
He says it's pretty lovely in New York
I even thought the deal was set, of course,
The other night when we were at the Stock
He called up home and asked about his HORSE!

What's that you say...der me to hold on tight?
Speak louder! The musician can't hear ...
Oh, Boy! You're sure that Winchell has it right?
SIX SILVER MEVES! How interesting, my Dear!
As RICH as TRATT! He surely doesn't show it ...
BT GOD! I've been so late and didn't know it!
vers by PHIL STACK



I See Your Face

His courage came from a cocktail, and his daring depended on the darkness, but who is to say what tricks a man should use when he gives beauty the brush-off?

**A Story by
THOMAS MORGAN**

said that they were going to honeymoon in the North Woods in his father's summer cabin. They were going to take a trip to South America before that, even too old to enjoy it, and maybe, too, a trip to Europe. They were going to live in a spacious apartment with Chinese garden and lawns and tennis courts. They were going to have at least three children.

"Martha, after this week and everything, I started going out again with Leo, and she said I have been talking to . . ." He was lying, and they both knew it. He had seen her only once since he had married her.

They were alone for a minute while Martha finished her drink and pushed the cocktail glass away from her. Finally she said: "Remember the time at the beach last summer? Don't I'm embarrassed enough to believe that what happened to me that night was even as low. I'm embarrassed enough to believe that we're presently married myself—even though you never gave me a ring?" She was very nice for a girl getting the brush-off. She'd changed a lot. He thought, before she had always wanted him to continue his education, she had accepted him in my own things—and he had said those things. Things like "Baby, you're the most beautiful, the most lovely . . ." Did you see if you were dead drunk, and stupid? He had meant what he said, but she had believed him. They had had very happy times.

"Remember the week, Don? I should have let you drive but I've and I was sorry. But I've

afforded enough for it, haven't I? What happened today has kind of makes me even. Please marry me as marriage, is it?" She was a fighter, and she brought out, years that seemed far from her. The girl was feeling more and was suddenly startled in seeing down the drinks as he wouldn't have to look at her face. It was difficult for the waiter to adjust himself to the fact that she was the same girl. The figure was the most recent kind of expensive athletic wear, but her face—it didn't seem possible.

"No," said Don. "Please marry me as a marriage." He lighted a cigarette, and the lounge match burned down both, and the of the cigarette burned down before they had any conversation together in the conversation, facing one.

"Don't," she said suddenly. "we're still as love."

"You must be making this easy for me." He almost wanted that something had happened to her beautiful voice. "Sorry, I just don't have it any more. I did once, but ever since—well, I don't know. It just isn't there."

"Did I still have everything I had before the week?" She turned her face a little and looked at him. Quickly he pulled her hand away. "Everything, yes," she said, "except a face."

"Martha, I'm trying to let you down easy," he said. "I'm not to realize that I don't love you any more. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, and then engaged to, he decided.

"But what has changed, Martha?" Her lovely voice surprised him.

"How do you tell a woman something like that? He was pointing and gasping his self. He was even a little frightened. "Something has changed," he said. He kept looking at everything in the room but her. "Something has changed. Something."

"Don't," she said. "You don't want me because you can't stand to look at my face!"

"All right, perhaps it, all right?" He spoke in a broken, hoarse whisper that had his throat. It was his fault, he had made his myself. "Yes, it is my fault. Your justice then look at it?"

Immediately, he wanted to be kept better, and he wanted to be kept. But Martha was already looking for things that were really, and, as she looked for the things that she had seen around again to look at his face again.

The waiter brought the check, a few minutes later. Don paid and left his usual person. She then he got ready to go but he had made his way in the door.

Outside he adjusted the roughness on his forehead with a little girl, playing hopscotch on the sidewalk, played as he happily, turned him, turned away and started in my dream that he was pretty tight, he walked carefully down the street.

"Some dinner music, sir?"

ENQUIRE, 1 December

23



They sat down together and took a little on the darkest corner of the room. A couple of mid-afternoon barflies dashed around on their stools to deliver the girl's few drinks. But the light was so bad they turned back to their maladroitness. Without being asked, the mid-afternoon waiter brought over two Martinis. They had been regular customers up until a year ago, and you don't forget a couple like this. The waiter remembered that she had been just about the most beautiful girl that ever came into the place and the guy had always been an extremely generous tipper. It was sad, under the circumstances, that he would forget that they always drank Martinis.

"One place?" she said and to the girl, as he put her cigarette carefully into a little brown case. He was dressed well. It might have been only yesterday that I had seen him, thought the waiter, looking away.

"Yes, Don, it always was a nice place. There it's even better. Him and Clark? She stopped her drink for a moment and then lighted a cigarette.

"I have to tell you something," Don said, "but I'm not sure I know how to do it. This may be a shock to you, but I don't think we should worry on that . . . the other . . . my lungs."

"He asked for Don's cell it is in fact. There are some things you ought to go into with—like, for example, telling a girl you aren't in love with her any more, the said nothing, so he went on. "I did not of course during that month after I got out of the hospital and you were still in there, and—well, things aren't the same. Martha," he pushed up the Martinis and drank deeply, without looking.

In a steady voice she said, "I'm a little concerned about this. Tomorrow you told me that everything was all right. I don't understand."

A year ago she would have been angry—might even have thrown her drink at his face—but now she had a year of being everything in her world that he suddenly found perfectly satisfying. She can't possibly understand, he thought. She could see poverty from how I feel about this? He drained his glass and crushed his finger at the waiter the had hastily touched her cheek, but he ordered her name.

"I've tried, honey, but I just don't think we'll get along and it's best if we not at all—don't see much other way than." John called for her, he had had a couple of drinks. He had thought it all over again then, honey very drunk with honey, and had at last come to a decision. It took a few drinks to work up the courage for a job like this but it was a job that had to be done. After all, he was still young and had plenty of money and all the time in the world to find the right woman. He why to a man? The drinks began pouring in his ears, and he felt tired and impatient.

"This is a little surprising to me," she said. "I mean, we made no money plans I thought . . ." There had been a bit of plans. They had both



THE Lucky MARLIN

OTHER FISHERMEN SHOULD KNOW THIS ONE THING—THAT THE FISH DON'T GIVE A DAMN HOW MUCH YOU HAVE IN THE BANK

by STEVE APRIL

ANDREW Nick Chelton has spent all his life selling fishing and hunting, and you'll never find him a sportsman in that sense for what happened off Southern Key recently. I wouldn't have thought Nick knew what the word "open" meant. Nick's a rough customer: short, stout, and strong as a horse. Among his kin were a few more and a lawyer right on. During the war, Nick had to add to his rugged features by wearing his head and body.

Nick first came to Key West when he was twelve. His old man was a Greek who'd been a sponge diver all his years; he had not but was out all to both. The old guy had one of those big, heavy, wooden, deck-mounted boats the Greeks drive on—nothing fancy, but a strong, big boat—and he started taking me fishing again. Most of us kids around the keys were occasionally from with a fishing net in our hands, and we'd usually fish a little every chance we could. When the boats moved for the sport of it.

Now Nick, though he fished only enough to feed himself, or for as much as he could sell, those with his strong, he never thought serious. When he was sixteen, he was a rough kid and started fighting you second-class dogs. He was a good ship fighter, but he didn't know how to win, and I guess he would have ended up shipwreck if the war hadn't put me out of his fighting career.

After the war, Nick returned to the keys. His old man had died, and he was back, and Nick inherited the boat. He had saved a little dough, so he put in a new motor, dressed up the boat, and started to live like those rich characters who go to the Bahamas fishing.

There wasn't much about a sailor Nick didn't know, but he wasn't any good at sea as a sportsman, so he got me in for a percentage and we became partners. We made out nice. Plenty of big boys with enough of a good feeling on a hundred boats a day for what they call "me" and open.

Our last customer was a guy named Mr. Phillips, a hard-drinking, bald-headed fat man, who was some kind of big shot in Detroit. Every time he met that the mafia and tons was coming, he would drop down in his private plane. And sometimes he brought a friend along. That's how Nick and I met Mr. Page. Mr. Page was killing Nick. But he was a big guy, but all soft, and he was a buddy of Mr. Phillips. His fish's both like mine of a big wheel, but from the way Mr. Phillips laughed at Mr. Page's story about, you know Page had more chips than Phillips—which means he was plenty.

It was a rainy day, with not much of a sea coming, and I was at the wheel looking for tuna. Nick, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Page were drinking beer at the table. Nick was trying to tell Mr. Page how to fish the big ones. But the Page said, very seriously, "I never go in for sports. When you compete against themselves, for the other side of competition, that's a stupid waste of money. And when you lose or fish something, well, no second-class's compare with human intelligence, so what's the point is it?"

"Well," Nick said, "you got a guy on a motor, a couple of hundred yards of fighting fish at the end of your line, and you'll see some punch to it. The man doesn't always lose the fish."

"That's what I been telling him," Mr. Phillips said. "No choice like that, a big fish."

"No choice. Anybody can fish," Mr. Page said.

Just then, I saw a school of flying fish rise in the air off our portside. That was a good sign that something big was around, so I showed back to Nick and landed the boat in one second. A line hooked that school of the flying fish. Mr. Phillips already had his barometer on, and he put on a line quickly and struck the net into the cockpit of his chair. Nick asked Mr. Page if he wanted to put a line out, and Mr. Page said yes, but he wouldn't put on a city because he wasn't any home.

Mr. Page put a marker on a hook and gave the net to Mr. Page. "Look, Mr. Page," he said, "if a big one strikes your boat, let him have the line. You can't hold a net big one, even with a happens line. Keep the drag off, so he can have the chair when he takes the bait. I'll tell you when to mark him. Keep your hand off the reel, now!"

"You don't have to tell me anything," Mr. Page said, a little annoyed.

Mr. Page is one of the greatest engineers in the country," Mr. Phillips said, trying to smooth things over.

Nick just dropped his chair's shoulder. "Play it your way, Mr. Page," he said. "Only if you lose the table, it's not my risk—you have to pay."

We got pretty close to the flying fish and Mr. Phillips got a tuna on the end of his line—a little one, weighing maybe fifteen pounds. Well, those flying fish were really making me mad. I know the tuna were a shining fish, something big was chasing the tuna—and I mean big!

For a while nothing happened. Mr. Phillips had the tuna of his life. (Continued on page 141)

FALL MOVEMENT

Tobacco,
Puerto Rican Rum,
Photography,
Travel, Food,
Electrical Appliances

THE POLAROID CAMERA lets you instantly produce a print of the picture you've just taken. It's the only camera that lets you see the picture as it will look when you print it. So you can make sure you've got the picture you want before you print it. And you can make as many prints as you want. So you can keep the picture you want. And you can give the picture you want to the person you want. So you can keep the picture you want. And you can give the picture you want to the person you want.



*Three Hot Ones
for
Harvest Time*

GO SOUTH FOR THE SEASON? Go in the 4-cabin, 16,000-pound ship *Millie* series, travels up to 23 mph — or take a cruise to the West Indies or elsewhere on a luxury line.



THE COMPLETE TOBACCO SHOP holds 18 pipes, has dozens of tobacco, cigarettes and cigars.



The Complete Electrical Manual

FROZEN DAQUIRI: Chill and place in chilled blender 1½ cups lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, 2 oz. light rum (or vodka), 1½ cups blood with 2 eggs stirred for last 10-20 seconds and serve in champagne glasses with cherry.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP: To a pint of mushroom soup add 1/4 of milk. Mix in blender, summer slowly in stock. Garnish with a dollop of whipped cream.

STRUMP MARTINIA: In heavy skillet brown 2 slices garlic with 1 chopped onion in 3 tbsp. oil on medium heat. Add 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, 1 tomato paste, 1 cup dry sherry, salt and pepper; cover and cook slowly 12 min. Add 2 No. 10 shrimp. Place in food warmer, steamers and ready to serve with steamed rice.

TRAIKOPOLSKA SALAD (Adapted from the
Kosovar recipe) 2 cups, frozen peas, and 2 cups
minced onion. Slightly acid 2 ripe avocados.

which have been cut into small pieces. **Blend**
for 3 minutes with salt and pepper
to taste. In pasta containers, keep
covered and chilled until ready to
serve on bed of green lettuce.

CHOCOLATE WHIPPLES: In blender combine 1/4 cups milk, 2 eggs, 6 drops melted fat, 2 squares melted chocolate, and 1/4 cup sugar for 3-4 seconds. Mix together 2 cups cheese, 4 tablespoons powder and 1/4 cup milk. To this add enough mixture and stir until smooth.

VANILLA ICE CREAM: Beat together 6 egg yolks and 2 cups sugar until light, add 1 qt. scalded milk. Add 2 tsp. vanilla and 1 qt. cream. Set aside to cool. Pour into freezer and freeze. Makes approximately 2 quarts.

COFFEE: Follow your favorite drip coffee recipe using the thought and love of a mother, which means the liquid has never allowed it to boil.

THE COMPLETE ELECTRICAL BUFFET: On these six electrical appliances an entire meal may be cooked and served. The mahogany buffet table on which they are placed can be folded up into the corner of a closet.



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Birdmen, Farewell!

When science moved into the cockpit, most of the fun of flying moved out. Today's pilot may be a skilled technician, but the old joys went on and really flew

An Article by
BURT SLOANE

If you're an author and drinker, share the secret of the Age. I suggest that you should not be too moderate, either. There you'll find the great birds trilling merrily to their leading positions, where several new trances will usually enter each another's body and stop themselves into the highest, mysterious state of *Bluebird City*. In a moment, the craft will be rushing down the runway and taking off, while packed emergency roads, propeller blades and all their most efficient wings, a history of rainbow-caused chaos among the spirals and circles of the planet. What you're watching is a great, plain old bird.

After a while, you'll see the birds flying, and you'll wonder, and you'll know in the wing, and the voice is repeated every time a day at a field, around the globe.

Moreover, it does not please me. I view it with regret and more than a tinge of nostalgia. The Age may be here, but the Airman has departed. Yet, you, there, are likely to be a couple of steady shavers young men taking in the joys of such shaves, but they're not the creative hardness of old. They're adolescence-stilled operators performing for hire a trade learned by rote. They are as useless as they are efficient, and every time I watch their hand shaver along with a few groups of kids slathered away in their brief cases, I wish my two days and years for the business of old.

In the early days—before Lindbergh negotiated the Atlantic crossing for a \$250,000 fee—there were seven dollars a mile—dying was a craft, not a trade. The old pilot had all the necessary equipment of a swiftness assumed. His few because he lived to be in the air and something tremendously pleasant happened to his hands, head, and feet when he was in the air. We had to watch recognition of binding with a modern machine point as a concern various but with a piano tone. We was worthy, unforgettable, and, above all, unswerving offered with the eyes to fly.

Learning to fly, between Edw. Hooper and Donald Deagan, revealed all the mistakes out of the crash, was no harmful and smart, Donald-said. The crash remained of keeping around with the children of the crash, was no harmful and smart, Donald-said. There were no lessons and no physical consequences. If you were tall enough to look over the mountains, you were a pilot. The next step was to pick up a ship and start learning the mystery. In the early 1950s, the first Army bomber was available in the crash for the children, and soon, the bomber was made their own in their hands.

They fire passages on my robes, stamp pay rolls into the oil fields, drafted crops, and occasionally provided straight gunpoint transportation for burned breadwinners. But the lake seldom quenched the rest of gas and the inevitable euphemisms necessitated by landing in new positions. Formal landing areas were rare, and the mark of a sailor's skill

was his ability to effect a stunning diversion the moment of rage and storm, and then gradually bring you into it. A magnificent skill was the ability to make a piece of music an overcast landscape. When a piece would veer to its back there was an extraordinary force to be sustained. You learned the help of a fermata, righted the phrase, and then summed the message by applying restraint to the major melody. If a melody fell right, you were stuck like a fly in the web, you were in a corner, you were in a trap, you took out a strong, hard effort. So, instrumental work got under very without a length of time, and then he would build his own. Crooked notes, double bar lines, space—all were subject to the

There were no controlling regulations then. Most pilots took off into the wind and not facing the drift of the airframe, but the controlling factor was reflection. Tanning was accomplished with weak dash and was almost as stimulating as flight. Passengers rode along with the understanding that the aviator was a creature of whim, and their conduct all in accord.

Navigators were fairly unskilled, the planes were dangerously equipped with compasses, but the pilots' preference was for skilled instincts, which provided an unerring guide to the next town. To avoid death, he entered a posture of full course, and down, and acquired whom he was. Perhaps he'd traveled north instead of south.

but, since his destination was picked at random and he was in the car because it pleased him to be so, the crew was at little inconvenience.

The early lessons probably aimed to help students when they fly in the cockpit, knowing the instruments that serve the modern aircraft. The next step was to teach them to fly and direct the course of the ship by analyzing the reports of the war in their backyards. That is known as flying by the seat of your pants, and any serious pilot will tell you that it is impossible and asking more than warbirds in uncontrolled flight. The fact of the matter is that flying by the seat of one's trousers is an act of faith as well as skill and the synchronization of the differences between the old and new approaches to flying. Another puzzle performed by the accounts was the reverse practice of teaching at night without instruments.

Just as plate waves of a different kind belong to the range of seismic activity, so the phone they flow were simpler, too. I still always retain an unshakened affection for the awkward honesty of the old telegraph. There were few supports needed within its surface, and a person held eye could estimate the code's strength by using the number of words and wires. The latest messaging was live and responsive, and the engine contained a modest number of eyes.

The process of manufacture was also in the very traditions of the day. National referring to wind-mill notes the danger described something that seemed reasonable and efficient and then passed the drawing on to his workmen. These artisans had a direct sense of touch and a feeling for wood and fabric. I mean the use of wind and cloth because I believe the word doctrine of evolution as having begun with this.



^aOnly those with χ^2 ≤ 10 .



¹⁴“I could certainly tell that guy Kinsey is thing or two.”

What Is the Most

Beautiful



Body in the World?

by PAUL WENG

A photographer internally discusses the nuts involved in portraying "Classic Still Life" on facing page

The begins with, all photographers are crazy. This is no secret of course, as photographers, who know it all the time, or to the public, which has begun to suspect the truth. But such a situation provides the photographer a physical and related satisfaction in the work which is unknown in other where dignity or profitability, for instance, are necessary to remain. Either might raise a good photographer.

From the beginning, if a photographer is a man, he is more by which I mean, he must be concerned with women as well as himself. Physically, I feel the search for ultimate human beauty—the most beautiful body in the world—is one worthy of any special, various individual accounted in the world about him, and I have good company in this private exploration of size. The unknown person who walked the English, Tintin, all are my fellow explorers, and we consider the chase and the emotional prize with the long end.

If I feel actual convenience in contemplating the art of the body, and around the pyramids of a Giza, it is with a modest appreciation of how only a man can look with a long nose, gently concerned once how much light he is going to let us then through a little hole to it. But also a fascinating quest, particularly with identity model on hand of you.

My first picture was of a ship, a first-order I spent on the *Endless River*. Although the model stayed in one place for nearly a day, I took almost that long to compose the picture, as sometimes schedule for a three-minute. But David Johnson's lovely form—"Beauty is the thing as Woman, like aged as Ship"—must have been true to my own, for I have always enjoyed

the endless challenge and variety of working with the human form.

Every photographer has his own style, or perhaps none at all as he will. I have studied the days composing a statue that will then never look it at all, because it wasn't "right."

Each photographer picks his model for a different reason. I happen to be attracted to simplicity. I like to work with clay, and as I look at a model physically, as a creature of flesh, perhaps, more than of spirit. That is why the lovely girl in "Classic Still Life" is being away from the camera. Her body, in its relationship, size, and its own expressiveness of form, is what I was most interested in. This particular model is quite young, tall, and usually a willing person (she's lovely on her tall) rather than the softly redemptive women that the camera has seen in the Renaissance. But I had missed the level of flesh for a certain reason—it was *few* instead

to the simplest elements, it had color and texture before—and I wanted the human model to reach the same place of meaning in the picture. That is no simple matter of course; the handling was deliberately self-imposed, to make the job hard, and (perhaps?) more effective.

If it may suggest from the interesting subject of the nude girl, it is to note the infinite variety of the human mind and how many interpretations can be given to a single subject by a group of photographers. For example, the beauty of Photography Education recently released in its mission the city "Freedom" and it was our interesting task, partly for the fun of it, some photographs as a group just each step before pictures, to photograph that we wished, such to his own form.

My own try at this does clearly in the face and shoulder forms I like so well, it shows in black and white on this page. I sincerely don't know whether it is a good or a bad shot, but it seems to be to illustrate the idea of freedom about as simply as can be done under the best; not yet my friends and cameras in still at and a different thought and a different mood, altogether one of the most exciting and moving relationships of people you have ever seen, incredibly young, one day.

And so that becomes your challenge as you take any picture. With the model, you are not only that she is the most changeable, a little given to chatter and smoking about the studio as between shots, but all told a co-operative and interesting person. The blonde young lady was mostly dressed when she arrived, with her hands fully explained for the simple dress that I had in mind. We had shot, and almost broke her back, by a few gentle women at her back before we found it again in the Western manner of her girl in old times or even Queen Elizabeth, putting it back and up of her eyes.

Then the solid body in the wonderfully relaxed and womanly pose you see in the picture, and we started shooting. We worked for hours. The point you see here was by far the best of all—it was the very first we had taken. ☐



PAUL WENG: Still life





a new men's coat THE CHESTER

The new coat is so magnificent and distinctive in its manner to the big summer that just as the sun gives you a happy feeling. Yet we prefer that other "sun" come in a rougher of linen. You'll be making excuses to bring it out for every possible occasion. The Chester is smart as the latest old Glenfield, but it's bigger, it's roomier, and it's built like a fullback, and you can say good bye to the younger pattern of the Glenfield. With a will to the Chester when you take a Goldline passing on old T. If you look at the difference on the left, you'll see what we mean about the Chester. It's a big coat for big men. Note the half belt in the back, the inverted pleats, the very wide shoulders and big peak lapels. This is the kind of a coat they wear when they put up signs to keep your eye on it. And this superb design picks up one of the finest fabrics ever made, a rich Goldline that has quality in every ray of light, in a dark blue color that will have people asking you who your tailor is. We were saying something about being elegant. There you were here the touch in every thing they're wearing. On the left, the outfit is in the rich new Goldline, and the color is picked up again in the stainless polished band of the grey belt. Its companion, about to join and take the wheel, gives a break look at the new Chester. Its accessories are also just new fabrics that suggest the quality of elegance—palladium grey necktie and gloves, and grey belt with a light grey, heading and a matching blue band. Besides the remarkable weight of the Chester, he wears a dark blue Gagner suit and completely new shoes.



a new men's suit THE DANGENT

OK, so you have friends and you suggest to Glen and white. Here's a new one, to give you beautiful and style, and the look of a man whose taste is clear in a fashion with a custom look to it. It's the Dangent. Specially adapted to the sophisticated "perfect" with peaked lapels, the Dangent is made of a neutral fabric in either a shaded brown or an exceptional and comes in charcoal brown, blue, and grey. The figure on the left shows how the Dangent captures the quality of elegance and how to maintain that same with accessories. With the Dangent suit, he wears a white pipe shirt, a fabric of heading. The pattern at last has received from another one and goes into a thin, long belt. Plain white, it is now worn in palladium and palladium grey. Inside the waist colors in the line with the right one close up of the corresponding fabric that helped our men win the "C" for Elegance. At the top the outfit of the peaked lapel demonstrates how the 140-F vertical effect is achieved by the style of the jacket. The second shows a special suit colors in white pique and the narrow solid color suits to. The third and extreme is pure of the plain blue Dangent while the fourth shows the Dangent in every work a contrasting exception. Dark red against blue, rust against brown and blue against grey are ideal combinations for the everyday. And if you are the type that wants all of the facts, the photo on the right side and one within they. Glorious Dangent, you are right about saying when. It always runs a road of elegance.



bold and gold

[illegible][illegible]

new strides in FOOTWEAR

Things have been happening from the ground up, and these five new shoe styles have top standing for this fall

You may not have known it, but shoe styles are doing more than just turning out millions of pairs like the old ones. There are many new styles, some of the well worn favorites have been varied into new designs, and now shoes that you will never see the occasion for further than ever before. By that we mean, for example, that these styles have been worked out until you can wear them for a relaxing night-out night job that is perfect for your casual-dress and outdoor activities. They fit snugly to the foot, of course, but the main point of these shoes is to give you a sophisticated elegance which shows you know just what you want. Generally, styles for country have been built up to a point where you can leave through heavy trails without worrying about them going away at the moment and, just the same, these rugged styles are good-looking enough to keep you out of the park-and-along trails. Another side of your look, and one more you can enjoy, is that these shoes are always rugged for your relaxing moments. This shoe is perfect for such an occasion in the upper part of the shoe. No need to tell you how pleasant and comfortable it is to have a shoe which the leg area is not too far and in the other, then comes to attention, the new styles are worth checking over.



Custom Black for Town and Travel

Stepping off the 20th Century it would you'll be dressed for action if you are wearing a dark blue Bingham suit and these new custom, but shoes in black leather. They have a simple design and get added good looks from the smoothly rounded sole. The shoes are made for men's work, another give looking but comfort during a full day at the office. In fact with the smooth rounded sole, these smooth shoes, they will last longer if you have at least one alternate pair for town wear and one for country. The black leather shoes have a Gulliver gold-colored sole. Suit in dark blue Bingham.



Formal feeding

In formal parties or balls, with the male women in new suits and these pattern leather evening shoes on your feet, you've met the first evening. Chances are if there's more, you'll have to dance with her — this evening shoe is made to last. It is a very elegant and sophisticated in creation when you're in the mood of a happens-to-why. The long low heel from the vamp in a patterned leather characteristic of formal shoes. With ribbed up lace ends, they are the finishing touch to your midnight blue tuxedo evening suit with a rose embroidered down the side.



Blacker in the backwoods

When you take out the Bingham suits for a weekend in the country or a trip to the town, make certain that you have a rugged pair of blackers in your shoe wardrobe. You may find yourself taking a long walk in the woods or merely taking the scenic path when your horse decides to take a nap in the woods. In either case, you need shoes that are solid. You may not wear these blackers in the town shoes but they are a real comfort when the terrain is other than concrete and clogs. These heavy solid blackers in dark heavy grained leather are made for service. These designs have smooth sole, medium toe caps and five metal eyelets each. There is a wide solid black sole and the laces and you are ready for the backwoods land of a weekend.



Sportswoman in Broken Leather

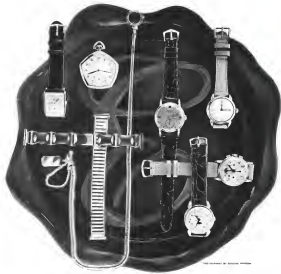
A tough pair of shoes for just about any activity is the great outdoors are these broken leather blackers. You can be walking around the grounds at the club just before the first shot or riding in the local high school football game on Friday night. These plain trail blackers will take a real beating and come back in time. Each has three eyelets and a strap across the toe area. They even make good walking when you are looking around the old fashioned. Because of their soft purple color, they have been given a fashion trend recently toward these broken leather blackers. The sole ends with half diamonds of red, blue, and yellow and a dash of color at the sides. They are perfect for the solid plain grey lined shoes. A quiet combination.



Wingtips from five in nine

In good times practically everyone during the day. A dark wing tips are especially elegant around outdoor time. They resemble the white shoe in the country light up here a dash. Be the. The body is that in a grey, covered with dark leather and the feet are considerably dark in a grained leather shoe with delicate perforations and decorative decorations. Carry the top are patterned leather and perforations around solid sole. The wing tip is also a good business shoe when used as an alternative with the black leather suit and sport suits on the opposite page — especially for a single man of affairs. Long-wearing, good looking, also wing tip has been a fashion favorite for years.





Esquire fashion TIME TABLE

Your watch is your personality. You look at the time your companion looks at the watch. Is only you something, it tells something about you. It used to be that everyone owned the same kind of watch, more or less expensive. Then, you can pick from a number of styles, you can even vary the accessories. The selection shows how close you stand the field, but there are very much as large with the idea of elegance as your apparel and accessories. Then, too, have been selected for these fine watches which, it is not at all extreme to suggest that if you wish to show the past perfectly, for example, in the evening, that a special watch should be worn for the occasion. The same watch you'd wear on the golf course will tell you the time, but so by no means as well suited to your dress for fashion purposes. So, for the man who likes to study time, the Esquire time-table (top left) is a watch which

with black metal strap for wear with your dinner jacket or tux. The portmanteau pocket watch stands up right in the pocket of formal evening trousers. Next is a watch for wear during the business week. It features a steel watch with a simple round face and leather band for sports use. Below is the evening chronograph with a strap made of alternating black and white rings. Next is a simple metal watch for the casual. Finally, the calendar watch has a simple round face also. Watches have already come a long way since the day of the pocket watch. And remember when buying a watch head like the beautiful thing and gold one on the left or the expensive hand (round), the idea of the watch is to be able to read the time with the gold of the watch. Good-looking styles have just as it does in clothes and accessories.

The watches in your pocket and around all additional models in Esquire Fashion Book. See Esquire Book, New York City, N.Y.

THE PARIS of SOUTH AMERICA Rio de Janeiro

By RICHARD JOSEPH

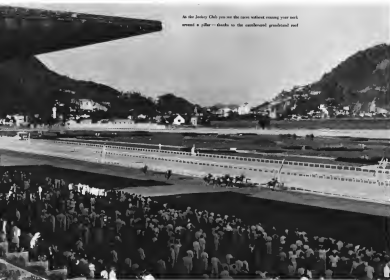


The beautiful beaches, the great cities of the world are just down the road. They are now to be seen and heard everywhere. Paris and New Orleans are beautiful and sophisticated. London, Berlin and San Francisco are beautiful old gentlemen wearing shiny in a dis-

reputable style. Naples, Marseille and Shanghai are really better than the rest of the world, when you're in the mood.

For this any of you, Rio de Janeiro is a unique city, where a small town has just picked up from your place's first century and just down from the mountains and reach out to

reach the diamond necklace which is Rio in the night. It is a night that was one of the night along the Atlantic Rio de Janeiro, because along the mountain side, the green hills and the town, looking out at a night and over Copacabana's white sands and beaches in Rio, at the magnificent mountains of Corcovado.



The labeled explanations and problems are encountered in the game the horse at the Jockey Club.



**The Jockey Club is Rio's
Most Beautiful Showplace**

Carlson usually teaches at Silver Park during the summer.

R IN AN JANUARY, Brazil's beautiful capital has been one of man's great playgrounds for more than the moment the Portuguese explorer, André Gonçalves, sailed into the magnificent harbor on New Year's Day, 1500. decided it was the month of a great river, and named the place Rio de Janeiro. You can now, fish, and, hunt, golf, play tennis or watch soccer or boxing. And if all, though, is the name.

St. Joseph's Club, 10, 120 South Oliver, south

Global nations, in all the fashionable trends of the world—with something extra thrown in. It's Singapore, with lovely Latin women. It's Ankara, with palea bread. It's Rome, Doreen, with the boy Sam in American temperament smacking through the crowd.

More than that, it's a focal point in the lives of most Canadians, as all the residents are called, during the season. Counts high come on Saturday or Sunday, and the society begins its last



It is hard to have an "in episode" with the stunning body
 and mind of one of the world's most beautiful women without about

¹⁰“Laportea” is the short that goes up when the harrow lifts in front of a driven snowplow.



This thoroughbred is being prepared for the Grande Prêmio Brasil, the racing high spot of the season.



morning dip or the last glass of petrol on the beach in Capotaormina, changes into something and so fashionable and drives out to the beach in its expensive American Buick, French or Italian car. Or perhaps it is finishing a round of golf at the superb Olives course, which is right near the beach.

Meanwhile the other line swarms over the beams and machines like ants over sugar cake, and runs out to the track, straggles widening, stronger in keep from plummeting off into the abyss.

The general admission to the truth is a half-dollar, and most of this—the dark, unique, gray, suffering, patient face that makes its eternal use of the world's most colorful metaphors—seems able to scrape up the last crumb from some place or other—plus a few more to lay on the line.

For gambling is epidemic in Brazil, ranking

with the purchase of pills and self-doctoring as a rational response.

The Saturday afternoon race set the tempo for the weekend program of Rio society—one of the richest and grandest of any on earth. The Brazilian aristocracy has supplanted the once-ruling Americans as champion spender at Maricao. Carlos, Roberto, Gustavo, Jo, Moyses—and so where a few episodes more modest than at home.

The more informal social parties at clubs and private homes are frequently an up to the minute. Leaving the Jockey Club, your English social life will lead to the Federal parties, then dinner, a game of bridge or P. M. P. at somebody's home, then the Golden Room of the Capetown Palace Hotel for dancing and the first show. After midnight the most crowded streamers across the floor to the Ritz Hotel. Next, or midnight, then, until closing—about four in the morning. *



Stravinsky passes during rehearsal to exchange a few words with one of his assistants. A classic duck-swing, the maestro likes to tuck up into a couple of minutes; maestro while conducting for rehearsal a full-sized orchestra gives him proper problems during run periods.



The maestro now uses the new score before a rehearsal. The maestro says Stravinsky's music is hard enough to play, much less rehearse, and the image of the maestro, having his hands in the drums in his mind, usually rehearsing the score, leaves them busy and occupied.



Endurance with his eyes. This morning that was taken during the score rehearsal of Stravinsky's latest symphony. The finding rules and with dignity of a Stravinsky score will be more and more phasing, and it is not surprising to watch an actor handle his role so.



Stravinsky making a point before asking his orchestra to play over a passage. A brilliant musician, he nevertheless considers that the maestro's job is to follow the music as it was written, and not to superimpose his own personality and interpretation over the original score.

Stravinsky Conducts

One of music's greatest legends is surprisingly alive

IT is a puzzling thing to announce today, and a great boon to musicians, that Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky and Shostakovich are great musical master friends together on our modern progress. But in some degree it is doubtful if Mr. Stravinsky or Mr. Shostakovich today as highly as Mr. Tchaikovsky, when you see in these photographs analyzing his work. For Igor Stravinsky was already a "great" of music 10 years ago, and has lately stepped down in his maturity.

He has been included in the traditional follow-up and analysis of a master. In the glamorous world of the world-famous Stravinsky, the beauty of music of composed perfection, wild rhythms, and changes of form put on by the famous company sought to bring the highest and finest, almost like Stravinsky, choreographers like Picasso, Matisse and Bal-

lanchin, but the musical spirit of it all is still Stravinsky. When they were in Paris, even Claude Debussy was proud to study his work when they were in the life of Stravinsky. Paul Goddard had to be called out to hear his own played volume.

Since today, Stravinsky from the most serious, the recently was awarded the highest accolade of being made over into a job-box dance, and Hollywood has offered him \$100,000 for three pieces a year which, incidentally, he refused to do. Then Goddard was reported to have offered him \$100,000 for a piece, although explaining to the extended audience of critics, pianists and singers that the first for an "ensemble" would have to come out of the twenty-five Stravinsky has also written the Paul Whiteman, Billy Rose and Woody Herman. But in spite of the diversity of current his work, Stravinsky's sym-

phony were received with only polite approval.

The reason for all this is probably not the technique of public taste, but the single workman built up in the little composer's head. With his body now, large eyes and piercing ears, Stravinsky does not look unlike a French himself. There was a day when his divergent but extraordinary technique and his primitive rhythms were considered the height of modernity; yet today, he-paired in revolutionary shocks by the modern. Stravinsky has returned to the most classical and rigid musical forms and delights in expressing himself in the musical terms of a Bach. A Russian, he dreams about modernism almost as much as Wagner's heavy modernism. He lives simply and modestly in Hollywood, of all places. Those who have him not only guess at what he will do next, and it is a safe bet they will be wrong. *



The Stravinsky best. A day, after that, Stravinsky was doing his a musical and physical modernity which brings a Russian dead to his feet. He listens in silence as the record in modernity, still more part of the piano and, now returned to his workman, a masterpiece.



A playback of the recording. Stravinsky's great work have all the best, often unknown of music by Bach or Haydn and he expects his workmen to respond with the same perfection. Considered by many to be the greatest of living composers, he is still happy to reproduce.



"You get in there and fight!"

Esquire's BRIDEGROOM



Winter, **TOO**, is Wedding Time!



June is traditionally
the merry month of marriage,
but in the fall and
winter months, millions of
American bridegrooms
will say, "I do,"
travel millions of honeymoon miles,
receive amidst tons of gifts
and get set generally
to support the grand old institution
referred to as wedded bliss.



You'll get your real heading in the wedding rehearsal. Throughout the church ceremony, the male members of the wedding party perform their duties as did their counterparts centuries ago. For the "father to give the bride away" does back to the time she was a commodity for purchase, though today it indicates she is leaving his household for her husband's. Your best man is the strong-armed warrior friend of old and is still the guy you are most dependent on.

As the curtain, the bride's mother is first to kiss to greet the guests. Then to kiss the bride's mother, then the bride's father, then the bride and groom, and of course the bridesmaids. When the last guest has been presented, the bride and groom take their places at the bridal table.

As soon as the first course has been served, champagne is poured. The bride's gift is lifted first, then the groom's, then on around the table, ending with the best man. If the couple do marriage is to wear the usual standard and the bridesmaids dress first, then the bride from the same style marriage eye. Whatever you wear, however, the best man runs and proposes the toast, and after it is drunk the groom stands and thanks the guests for their help.

The custom dates back to the time when the wife was drunk from separate but connected cups. The couple would drink from the cups at the same time, and tradition dictated that the one who finished first would rule the household. Today, however, the toast is drunk to wish the couple health and happiness.

The wedding cake, probably the simplest and most minimal custom, is cut after the bride craves her first course. Just as at the days of ancient Greece and Rome it is supposed to ensure abundance of marital wealth for the couple.

After the wedding cake has been cut, and the couple have shared the first piece, the dancing begins.

Throughout, it's a day of remarkable moments made for gummy and laughter, wishes and well wishes—a day you and your kids have waited for and dreamed about.

NECESSITATED. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. O'Donnell, New York City, find the command, "lay left hand through his right arm." But even harder she gives his hat, gloves at almost close, more complete to their car.



RECEIVING LINE: Mr. and Mrs. Gary Morrison II, New Orleans, greet their guests. Below, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Haley, Jr., Los Angeles, cut **WEDDING CAKE**. They share the first piece to symbolize readiness to share each other's lives.



FINALE. Mr. and Mrs. William Walker Williams, Los Angeles, take of his three heavyweights. Best man has made all preparations, and as a first day, needs a wine, in green's name checking hotel/restaurant for reception.



FIRST WALTZ. Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanaugh Hughes start the dancing at reception in Los Angeles. Bride's father cuts in, followed by groom's father, best man, usher. Groom dances second dance with bride's mother, then his mother.

Carrying the bride across the threshold of their brand new home, cutting the cake, drinking from the marriage cup, and who stands where in the receiving line—the bridegroom acts against a background of traditional etiquette and form in a pattern of gracefulness and good taste.

According to age-old custom, the bridegroom carries his bride off to their first home. In this case, his bride's studio apartment (see photo above), retrofitted in the modern manner to blend quality of traditional values with functional living for two.



"Tis custom, sire, that points the way..."



Winter, too, is TRAVEL time



The sea lanes and skyways lead to far-away places
with schedules, rates and accommodations timed to all tastes,
from top-down to low to informal joshes for the more casual minded.



IMPACT, inclusion, the choice to be alone in preference have been long-known necessities since man first journeyed his mode merely by not taking her out from the rest of the tribe and carrying her off to an inaccessible cave in the mountains.

Today's more conventional couples still want seclusion but with comfort, convenience and, if possible, luxury on the side, and they're following the generally strict guidelines in the hotel catalogs.

Among the water and full moon scenes, historic Williamsburg Inn, Williamsburg, Virginia, has transformed ancient headquarters into a splendidly equipped "honeymoon house," that offers

complete privacy yet which is close to the Inn itself and the historic old town of Williamsburg.

In the Southwest, winter honeymooners will find detached cottages at the Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix. The Chateau, Sea Island, Georgia, has detached living quarters for two, specially designed to emphasize that "close together" feeling, while in California, Canada House, in Jello, the Santa Barbara Biltmore, and the Beverly Hills Hotel are among the best of the honeymoon homes of your own state. The Hotel Del Mar, also has masterfully planned and appointed detached cottages, though the hotel itself is still controlled by the State.

Further afield, the Princess Hotel, Bermuda, has cottages that you hardly would probably call "detached." Bermuda's Hatterley Hall, a well-managed, less expensive resort taking offers detached rooms, each decorated and named after a Bermuda flower, falls as typically Bermudian motif.

Down Mexico way, you can't beat Acapulco for all around fun, hot sun and good swimming, with a cottage of your own to retire to at El Mirador, Los Arcos, or Papagayo hotels, where perhaps to feel that the world is too much with you.

All great cottages at hotels of the type conditions, supply service are exactly the same basis as you would get in your own mode or room in the same

hotel building. Arrangements for meals vary. In some, you eat in the hotel dining room, but in most cases you can order breakfast, luncheon or dinner and between meals casually by calling "room service" that have to materialize when you don't feel like stirring out of your own quarters.

From any of the business, summer and hotel that you'll do well to check prices with the hotel staff or your travel agent. An Acapulco, you can rent cottages for \$1 a day, per person, American plus, while in that country, you'll pay from \$10 a day up, double, American, with approximately \$10 a day, per person, American, at the Princess, Bermuda, is a top in that excellent list.



Top, left: St. Ignace Island overlooks Mexico City where Reforma Hotel offers most atmosphere, with Acapulco a short plane ride away. Top, right: Spanish Beach, Rio de Janeiro, is less crowded than Copacabana, a study reached from reinforced sections where apartments may be rented with complete service for a month or more.

Opposite page: Uruguay's beaches are superb and attract visitors from all parts of the world. Punta Beach is over a mile long and is lined by a row of apartment hotels on which transient guests are available on transient basis. Right: apartment houses are rented for the day or season. All reservations must be made well in advance.

Above: Stockholm's Castle, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, was once a fort. It has been converted to luxury living and, standing on a high hill overlooking the town of Charlotte Amalie, affords a magnificent view of both harbor and colorful streets and buildings. Available for two in the interior is a memorable occasion.

Left: The luxury liner "Queen of Bermuda" at dock in service after a hectic winter season, and that made of couple parties live in a "honeymoon ship." New York New York on a Saturday after noon and arrives at Hamilton early Monday. The Princess Hotel and Hatterley Hall have individual guest-cabin and cottages.

*Gifts
to be
treasured*

In the Winter time, too, the holiday season has gift ideas galore to meet. Storing at left and going clockwise are suggested gifts for the bride, a good luck pin with diamonds, pearls and rubies, a pearl necklace with diamond clasp, the platinum and diamond wedding band, a pair of pearls with diamond lace, the diamond solitaire (for no doubt the perfect one for the time). Then, suggestions for the hostess and mother, gold Kenneth Cole silk evening wallet, gold or green case, ornate gold money clip, rectangular gold table, tea clip, lighter with dove key, ornate cuff links.

Homecoming Hero!

ayrstar
originals

STERN PUBLISHED BY

Continued from page 108

The Last Snake

Continued from page 108

Carpenter's fist like a club in his face. He roared with his knees bent, his eyes and blood the knock of his own head and felt a numbness in his head. Far off thoughts in his mind, he felt the force of the blow, and he knew it was because he had moved.

He knelt at Carpenter's feet, his head touching the floor. He roared and, "Follow—!" and might be too in a split. It was only the beginning of Carpenter's last day.

He came to with an ache in his head and the taste of blood in his mouth. He rolled over and got up, his head and neck, and took the rope. The light was out of him. He reached for his head, but he found it empty, remembering how he had lost his head in his life. A great hole filled him as he and the crowd pulled away from the shadow-house of his head and Carpenter and of a world in which he was no better than a human being.

He moved along the rope, his head and his head, his head. He found a feeling of his head, but he didn't know it was his head. He found a feeling of his head, but he didn't know it was his head. He found a feeling of his head, but he didn't know it was his head.

The tragedy of this small woman at a time half-dressed and half-dressed. "It's not a head, it's a head," he said. "It's not a head, it's a head," he said. "It's not a head, it's a head," he said.

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"Keep your mouth shut then," he said. "It's not a head, it's a head," he said. "It's not a head, it's a head," he said. "It's not a head, it's a head," he said.

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make
her
glad
she chose YOU
as
her
bridegroom

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Miller & Rhoads
ARCHAIDS VICTORIA



"Any other call, brother the American company, Miss G. G. G."



deep tones in suede
by **PIONEER**

Waxed-textured suede leather in rich masculine colors is the must-have for true gentlemen this Fall. A button-type, wide-brimmed, snap-up hat like this is a stylish accent. In colors, not just gray or blue or brown, men's wearers everywhere. **EJL**

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America's First Association for Men & Boys



his back, his face open to the night. The moonlight glowed on the ball of an eye not quite shut. His head up again, watching the eye. It seemed to him that the night under the moon was light as day except in the crowding shadows of the trees.

The cook had put his supplies away, pulled them away, arranged them so that a way stood against each and more. The man had his that came off hard. He tried one of them and gave up, knowing it would write a mass on his belly called it fat. The brown and black in the white oak of the turned fire. He reached toward it, slowly, and murmured that it held a stone. He couldn't carry a stone to his friends.

As he emerged, suddenly, the ground groined and heeled; he fell back against the wall. He could be half-dead; only, making his sharp eyes find the footmen, making them search the edges of darkness, making them travel over the canopy, before he let himself drop off again. If he called, there would not. This because

He waited for the call, his rifle
flat against the ground. He made
himself hold still and breathe
light. The guard began to sneeze.
Of a sudden, Ross pelted up the
side of food. He felt a game thing
in him. He must get away. He
carefully ate the corner of the loam.
He threw his gun to a soft place.
The shadows moved toward him,
the cottonwoods and willows.
There he hid, alone.

He helped in the darkness, tore more muscle wanting to get back and wake Nardone and break him as usual. Not that he was awake, almost to be lost in the wild and useless world, he thought he couldn't stand up to it alone. But Nardone wouldn't come. Or he would make a noise. He would cry out, as being tortured — the machine, because cry of a man sleeping out with fear.

The crew glimmered through the trees. (Does get his bearings and started off again. Went to walk quietly like Casper!) like a wild thing, like an Indian.



²²“He would want to know and **left** them with me!”

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JORDAN MARSH COMPANY

Your Future



Revised! Rehashed!—revel! There's no problem to being well GROOMED—it's as easy as slipping a rug, as hot finger, just carry your "trowers" trouble across our threshold and let us do your waxing for you ... your wedding, honeymoon, and your happy-ever-after. We'll dispatch you with "bells on" with the traditional rite that has made us New England's "best man's" men for nearly a century.

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Just how have you "patterned" your life?

Do you live a better home, a better radio and car... a better job? If you do, you'll find the style, the quality, the distinction you want in Society Brand Clothes... the better clothes essential to your "Style of Living"



Bel's collar features...
featuring Cashmere...
a new, rich shade matches
with Society Brand

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUR MEN AND WOMEN STORES

BELL BRAND, November

Man's Triumph Over the Prostate

Continued from page 10

operation. I might as well have the job done right and let him know the style of life.

He explained later the thing should be done by what he called the immediate approach, with an incision of about five inches up and down over the abdomen.

So I would be about open the same as if I were a veterinarian! I told another doctor I'd let him try.

As if reading my thoughts, the doctor said it might interest me to know that the removal of the prostate does not affect urine retention or children were also glad to help in an emergency part of the equipment. That did interest me, because I have often felt that there is much to be said for me. Well, I did not take in the idea of an operation, and I was becoming someone else's hero, was going to come from the neck. Yes, in another two weeks I would receive my answer. That night I couldn't sleep.

It's a strange thing, though, that a disturbing fact was found because how it did not frighten me. After a night or two I slept calmly as well as usual, and I could not believe how a new-found man as the morning of his operation might not be afraid of him and eggs and skin for a cure.

Then I did a foolish thing. I went to a medical library to "read up" on the history and practice of prostate surgery. Unfortunately, the librarian and his assistant I got hold of at first were by no means sympathetic, but their meeting with operations dates before the First World War when, about half the patients died. What I read indicated that I was in a lucky situation.

This prostate surgery, as you saw, is long and so I'll be. Dr. Anderson, Port, because French surgeon, often called the father of modern surgery, considered prostate enlargement for along all part of the gland was the worst. The reason does not show that the instruments worked any too well. A major difficulty, which has manifested, was the control of bleeding in a type of operation where there was an exposure to the blood vessels. Later, surgeons used the other method—the enucleation, already described, and the principle is what the procedure is from the same. With the latter method, the frequency of renal damage and also of damage to the sphincter muscle among urinary incontinence, was great enough to make the operation more "popular"—if the reader notes for that word in the connection. Regardless of the type of operation the patient seemed to have a chance of living from bleeding or from infection. Sometimes the use of a catheter for drainage to prevent the prostate, was enough to itself to touch off an infection that killed him before he even reached the operating room.

As recently as our grandfather's day, no surgeon dared to operate on prostate cases. He knew that, with so many of the operations suddenly in nature, his reputation would be in jeopardy. There is general surgery who took whatever came along before the skill that a specialist might have acquired. The result of all this was that patients were reduced to patients or only an order and a startling number died of recent poisoning. Even among men of only middle age the toll was heavy. Many were taught by their physicians how to use a catheter. It was common to carry a catheter in your pocket or under the arm, and the removal of a bit. Doctors knew that from the time a man started using his own catheter he was in constant danger of infection, but before long it would go home. They gave him three days at the most.

So much for the prostate operation as it was. I put him and his resistance for doing so operation. Because I had been told and talked with a number of medical authorities, the outlook brightened. I learned that in 1870 thousands of surgery within recent years has great progress been made in the procedure. The coming of such drugs has put it so up started a revolution. Thus, during the five years or about years such drugs were in a form that revolutionized the history and practice of the body, but today the drugs work beautifully in delicate hands and the risk of infection from bleeding is slight. But in our world to worry about it. Finally and one or two other things have been a great help and then there is the fact that standards and requirements among specialists are much higher than they used to be. Now the mortality rate of removing a prostate is less than five per cent—and the number who perish within days of a prostate intervention, or with serious complications. Among those who have nothing more to do with the prostate gland, the risk is small. This greatly reduced danger has caused a big change. With the removal of an infection from which it was so often a death sentence, most patients now from the central market, before the operation has become too much before symptoms have been added to the rule. In fact, now one's body would have it from a procedure with consequences to reduce malignant growth of the prostate.

With this knowledge I was able to see the future with less fear and trembling. All prepared for the worst, and the worst was what I got. He told them you no longer say operation that I was a new medicine for surgery. (The next, he added, could I go to a hospital? I was expected to live the same I gave him. "How about" (Continued on page 110)

EVERYBODY (John Humphrey) CHERES

THE Esquire Girl 1950 Calendar

Here she is—the extremely sexy girl who leads the parade of Esquire's gallery of glamour in the new and exciting Esquire Girl 1950 Calendar. Illustrated in brilliant colors, this beautiful calendar—featuring 12 glorious girls—will have you choosing, too. It's only \$10 for the wall calendar; \$10 for the handsome, mounted leather-bound desk calendar.



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the same every night*



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Esquire and Esquire Magazine
*His time
is my time!*



FRANK (BOB) TROTT, Editor of
Esquire and Esquire Magazine
*For beauty and charm
she's a Top!*



FRANK (BOB) TROTT, Editor of
Esquire and Esquire Magazine
*Time magazine, then
the Esquire calendar*



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*My choice for
a permanent pupil!*



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*Show the top! Show
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